

A Sleeping Beauty

By CELIA ROSE

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"Hello, Muggins!" Johnny Deeds shouted from the road. The figure in the rocking chair upon the Martin porch did not lift its eyes from the book in hand. Johnny halted again—again his answer was the silence of unconsciousness—clearly Louise Martin did not mean to admit that she had ever responded to the name of Muggins. Johnny grinned cheerfully and scattered up the winding way, to pause at the steps, doff his hat and say, with an elaborate obsequiousness: "Is the—ah—ahem—lady of the house at home?"

"Not to—vaguabonds," the rocking chair's occupant returned tranquilly, its eyes still down. Next minute two warm hands fell over them—the head holding them was drawn gently back and a kiss planted upon a pair of soft red lips.

"That's how you wake a sleeping beauty, isn't it?" Johnny asked guilelessly. Louise had risen and faced him, a furious scarlet flooding her cheeks. She dared not speak—if she did, she would either laugh or cry. Either meant triumph for Johnny, the lawless—she knew of old his capacity to torment her. Silently she turned to go inside—then Johnny caught both her hands and sat her down, not very gently, saying: "No, you don't! Not in this company. What ails you, anyway, Mugg? Used to be the best sort of sport, you did."

"You mean—I was a barbarian, the same as you," Louise burst out. "Well, I have learned better manners. Unless you can do the same—please keep away from here!"

"H—m! Is that a true word—or just make-up?" Johnny asked, the least shade of seriousness creeping into his face. Louise glared at him. "Will you never grow up?" she stormed. "You know, you must understand, my position here in my uncle's house. His wife is the very properest person—with a leaning to wild ways under the rose. If she had heard you say 'Muggins' I should never have been anything else but—of course, in strict privacy, she makes Uncle Ben think her a sort of grown-up snow white. Already she hates me, because I see through her. If she knew anything of those mad, happy old days when we were playfellows, thinking and knowing no evil, she would have a whip ready to her hand, and would use it to put me through any paces."

"She shouldn't know, girl. I'm willing to kick myself a mile!" Johnny exploded. "I ought to have thought—of course, the neighbors know something of the dual personality of the new Mrs. Benjamin Martin. Still, I honestly didn't dream of making you trouble. Forgive me all my impertinence and let me know if I can help you in any way."

"Only in a very hard way—for me," Louise said, sighing. "That is by staying away until—be sure I'm not here for always. Uncle says Martin blood forbids any working. I have another notion as to that—I'd rather scrub floors for a living than stay here much longer."

"You need not stay a day—remember?" Johnny began significantly. Louise looked over his head, flushing deeply. "Don't let's think of impossibilities," she said, but sighed as she said it. Johnny laid a brotherly hand on her shoulder, asking: "Haven't you got over anything?" In reply she could only shake her head and turn away, biting her lips.

Johnny strode up and down the porch, his face dark, his brow deeply furrowed. Thus Mrs. Martin came upon him and smiled unpleasantly as she glanced from one to another of the pair. So did the man in her wake, who was by appearance neither young nor old, good nor bad, but tremendously well groomed and well tailored, as redolent, indeed, of affluence as the perfectly appointed car which had brought him and his hostess. At sight of him, Louise hurried away, to be recalled imperiously, then bidden in a velvet voice please to order tea and serve it. Johnny must stay for it, of course—a balanced party was so much pleasanter. Moreover, he had been so long in coming over, he must be specially well treated in hope of a return. All this courtesy, avid eyes the while measuring his six-foot-one of vigorous young manhood, his handsome tanned face and vital close-cropped curls.

Mrs. Martin, fair, forty, languishing, approved all of them thoroughly—all the more that he made her escort. Franklin Ware, seen so faded and meager. She looked at Johnny, indeed, with much the same glancing expression that Ware gave to Louise. Johnny saw and shivered—not for himself, but for the prospect before Louise.

He got no private word with her, though he lingered to the last allowable moment. He could not even watch over her. Mrs. Benjamin was too wholly bent on his captivation. But he had a sense that she was suffering deeply from the glances and compliments of Ware. Small need for Mrs. Benjamin to say, as she did when she went half-way down the walk with him: "Matters are arranging themselves so beautifully. We shall have a wedding before we know it. Louise will make the most beautiful bride in the world."

He galloped away, ready to swear at life and fate. At only Louise

would forget that cursed Melville and marry her faithful Johnny, all things would come right. He was sure she did not love the real Melville, but rather an image she called by his name and set up in her heart's inner shrine. "She really is a Sleeping Beauty," he said to his heart, reverting to the happy endecy whose memory made him tingle. "Once she wakes up, she'll have to know life and things. My business is to wake her. I wonder how I shall do it."

After three days of pondering he hit upon something that made him cry aloud: "The very thing." Then wrote a letter, hasty but full of details. After he had dispatched it to a distant address he gave his whole mind and time to haunting the Martin establishment, bent on knowing all that passed regarding his beloved. There was need of his constant vigilance. Franklin Ware was a desperate wooer, and ably seconded by Mrs. Benjamin, who, of course, brought her husband to seeing with her eyes.

Therefore he said seriously to Louise, that with no wish to constrain her inclination, he felt bound to say she would both please and relieve him by providing for herself so nicely. Franklin Ware was not, to be sure, in his first youth—he had, moreover, had a harvest of very wild oats. To offset that, he was rich, well born, possessed of a standing that gave his wife entrée everywhere—and eager to make her the most magnificent settlements. Furthermore—here Uncle Benjamin half sighed—he himself could do no more for his brother's only daughter than give her a home and maintenance while he lived. All he had was well tied up beyond diversion in any direction. And it would pain him deeply to think either of leaving his niece unprotected for, or to have her go to work. In the name of the blood he begged her to save him such discomfort—she listened shivering—not over what was said, but left unsaid, namely, that Uncle Ben might be now a millionaire, if he had not years back voluntarily paid huge sums to clear his brother of debt, and keep the family name spotless. Then, too, so long as the brother lived, he had been generous in help to him, who was the soul of imprudent kindness. Louise felt to the marrow of her bones all she owed the good narrow man, too fine bred to recall benefits bestowed. It seemed to her she must obey him—or die. Death, indeed, seemed her only refuge—she could not think of accepting Johnny with all her heart belonging to Melville.

Then when she was most distraught came Melville's letter—in mad haste. "Johnny writes me you have great prospects—if you will accept them." It said, "My dear girl, don't be a fool. Accept the goods the gods provide—and thus justify the admiring friendship of."

"Hastily and heartily yours," "ARTHUR MELVILLE." Johnny saw her read it—not for naught had he studied postal schedules and hunted the carrier's route. As she crushed the sheet within a shaking hand, he touched her shoulder gently, saying: "Honey—trust yourself to me! Even if I can't ever make you love me, it will be better than—the other inevitable thing."

"I can't! I am too ashamed. To think I—oh, no decent man ought ever to look at me!" Louise cried hotly; then with a sob gave him the letter. When he had read it he turned to see her sitting with bowed head, face hidden in her hands, and trembling all over. "I believe you have saved me—from—the very worst," she said. "If you will have me—breaking off there and drooping lower still."

He married her next day—to the scandal of Mrs. Benjamin. Time's whirligig indeed brings revenge. Before the honeymoon waned Louise hid her face in his shoulder to say, happily, "I was in a trance, Johnny, dear! How in the world did you care enough to wake me?"

"Oh, I have a taste for sleeping beauties," Johnny answered, tweaking her ear—but with eyes that misted a little in spite of him.

"Picture in a Spanish Barn." A great stir has been caused among lovers of art by the discovery of an ancient masterpiece in a barn, in the Spanish province of Estremadura. It is a fine painting of a Madonna, with the infant Jesus on her lap, a black-robed monk on one side and a white-robed monk on the other—these beings probably meant for St. Benedict and St. Bernard. It is painted on wood and is less than four feet square. It is thought to have been produced about 1500 to 1550. To prevent American and other outsiders from snapping up this treasure, and taking it out of the country, a millionaire of Bilbao has advanced the large sum demanded by the owner of the barn and has offered it to the Spanish government. Meanwhile it has been placed in the Prado museum at Madrid.

"Hunger Vanished." While dining with my girl friend one evening her parents had a friendly little quarrel about the traits that their daughter inherited from each, and the father, who was rather an ugly man, said, "Well, beauty from me anyway."

And speaking before I thought I chimed in, "I should say not."

My hunger vanished and I felt like following its example.—Chicago Tribune.

"Alcohol From Cactus." French scientists have obtained 14 per cent of sugar and 60 per cent of alcohol from cactus that grows profusely in Algeria.

MUSCLE SHOALS NATION'S BULWARK

Big \$60,000,000 Nitrate Plant a Defense for Future Generations.

INSURES NATIONAL DEFENSE

Assurance of Abundant American Explosives a Reason Why Germany Quit.

By GARRET SMITH.

One of the chief fortresses of America's new military defense system which developed out of the World War is the Ammonium Nitrate Plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, on the Tennessee River, over three hundred miles from the seacoast, capable of turning out 500 tons of high explosives a day. It assures to the United States for all time an abundance of ammunition without which an army is a helpless encumbrance and it has made this unlimited supply of explosives available without resort to raw material from outside of the country.

The essential ingredient of all modern military explosives is nitric acid. Before the World War, America was entirely dependent upon Chile for the supply of nitrate of soda, the only chemical from which nitric acid can be made. In case this country became involved in war with any nation that could control the sea our foe would have us at her mercy, for she could cut off our essential means of striking back.

Other nations, however, were equally dependent upon the Chilean nitrate supply. Germany was purchasing one-third of it. She had expected to hold the sea with her submarines but failed. But a process for extracting nitrogen from the air had been obtained by Germany some years before from Italian chemists. This process had been successful in producing a high grade nitrogenous fertilizer from which in turn could be extracted ammonium nitrate. Germany, therefore, felt to manufacturing ammonium nitrate from the air on a large scale.

Americans Buy German Secret. In 1907 an American company, headed by Frank S. Washburn, had secured the American rights to this process from Germany and had gone into manufacturing the fertilizer on the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls. When America found herself in the World War the Ordnance Department turned to Mr. Washburn's company for help. The Air Nitrates Corporation was formed, with Mr. Washburn at its head, to build the Muscle Shoals plant. It was assisted by several other well known corporations, such as the Westinghouse, Church & Kerr Company, which put up the plant buildings, the permanent city and utilities; the J. G. White Corporation, which designed and constructed the power plant; the Chemical Construction Company, which designed and built the nitric acid plant, and the M. W. Kellogg Company, which furnished the piping and built the chimneys.

Beginning work in November, 1917, the big plant and new city at Muscle Shoals was completed within one year's time. Had the expected spring drive of 1919 materialized this one plant alone would have been able to supply 13 per cent of all the high explosives used by all the Allied armies on all fronts during that drive, and the United States was secure for all time to come against an ammunition shortage.

When the arrangement was finally made for building the big air nitrate plant, work was begun on a power dam at the same point. This work is being conducted directly by the United States Engineering Corps. It will not be completed, however, for two or three more years. It was necessary, therefore, in order to insure immediate operation when the nitrate plant was completed to construct a \$10,000,000 steam power plant, one of the largest steam plants for the production of continuous electric power in the world. It is pointed out that even had the water-power plant been completed during the war it would have been necessary also to have constructed a steam plant to insure the nitrate plant working at full capacity at all times during the war.

Plant Worth All It Cost. Now, this entire job cost the Government \$60,000,000. It was put through at a time when the prices of materials and labor were at their summit. It was built at record speed, and speed costs money. The question naturally arises, then, as to whether Uncle Sam got his money's worth.

Tests made after the plant was in operation showed that ammonium nitrate of standard specifications could be produced at this plant at a cost of less than one-half the standard fixed price paid by the Government for ammonium nitrate produced by the older methods. This cost is only about one-fourth to one-fifth the cost of other high explosives of equal strength. Compared with the older process for making ammonium nitrate, the savings made by this plant would have paid for the entire plant in about one and one-half years of operation.

The chief value of the Muscle Shoals plant, however, will be as a defense to coming generations.

MASTER OF ART OF WOOING

Missourian Gives Out Some Pointers That May or May Not Be of Value to Others.

There are experts in all lines, but shall not a man who can persuade eight women to marry him rank as an authority on matrimony? According to the Missourian who is locked up in the Tombs as a confessed bigamist, the way to a woman's heart is through her higher emotions. "I appealed to the best in women always," he says, "and never to their lower nature."

Women also, this artist in love discovered, "like to be swept off their feet by those who woo them; they have no patience" with the dawdler. Nor did he find that it was essential for the wooer to be handsome or more than neatly dressed. But those, of course, are old precepts in the manual of courtship. Ugly men have often been great rakes, and ardor is traditionally effective in sweeping the reluctant fair "off their feet." His main contribution to the art of love, and it is one worthy of Ovid, is that of the potency of an appeal to the higher nature of women.

But is "the best" in women a fixed quality, or does it vary and require to be diagnosed in the individual? That is no doubt a difficulty that will confront ordinary wooers. Is the higher feminine nature compatible with matinee tickets and tea dances, or does it incline seriously only to more elevated interests? The recipe apparently leaves the problem about as it was for less successful suitors to whom the mystery remains of other men's easy mastery of an art of which they fail to learn the rudiments.—New York World.

CAUSES OF BROKEN ROMANCE

London Newspaper Points Out Two Reasons Why Love's Young Dream Is Rudely Shattered.

Engagement breaking is in season. "The marriage arranged between Captain N and Miss Y will not now take place." That cold print end to romance can be read any day now in the society columns of the papers. It is becoming a habit.

Experts who study these matters declare that the percentage of broken engagements has never been so high, and they set down several reasons, says the London Daily Express. The main one is:

The great khaki illusion. (a) The woman: "You would not believe how different he looked in his civilian suit, my dear. I simply couldn't do it." (b) The man: "She was awfully charming as a driver in the Women's legion, but when I saw her in one of the new evening gowns—well, it just couldn't happen."

The house famine is given as another cause. Two young people who believe themselves to be twin souls go out and try to find a future home. It is physically impossible for any person's temper to stand the strain of present-day house-hunting. They quarrel, and there is another broken romance.

Cleaning Rusted Tools. Elbow grease is usually the best thing to use when cleaning rust from steel, but the following manner has also been suggested: Fasten the steel tightly to a piece of zinc by means of wire and place it in a jar containing water to which sulphuric acid has been added. Leave it there until the rust has disappeared. If the article is very rusty add a little more acid from time to time. The process by which the rust is removed is electrical. The steel being in contact with the zinc short-circuited battery cells are formed, and the rust is reduced to iron again by electro-chemical action. The steel will become darkened by the process, but will regain its brightness if rubbed with sweet oil or a mixture of petrolatum and kerosene.

Safer. At an Indiana high school the other day the athletic society was putting season tickets for ball games on sale. One of the most popular boys in the senior class came up to the desk at which the tickets were being sold, bought two, had his name inserted in the blank on one of the tickets and then reached for the tickets.

"But you haven't told us whose name to write on the other ticket," protested the ticket seller, "and the rules of the association require that all ticket purchasers have their names on their tickets."

Now, the senior had planned to pass the favor of his company along to several girls. "Well," he drawled, "if you have to write something in that blank, just write anonymous."

New and Stronger Bricks. More substantial walls may be constructed with a new type of brick, patented not so long ago by a retired contractor of the southwest, and known as self-binding and interlocking, the inventor states. On one side of each brick are two circular, bevel-edged bosses, while on the reverse side, in the same relative positions, are two depressions, into which the bosses fit exactly. The brick is recommended for domes or arches, chimneys or hollow walls.—From Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Seeing Herself. "Hurry, wife. We'll miss the elevator." "Hurry, eh? I think I see myself." "In that case, you'll have to stop and make a long inspection."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED

Given Remedy for Potato Bug Pest, Pessimist Digs Up Another Tale of Woe.

A Kansas City farmer has proposed a scheme for doing away with potato bugs so simple that it seems ridiculous. Perhaps not much dependence is to be placed in agricultural suggestions offered by a Kansas City farmer. Kansas farmers should command instant respect, but we would not be inclined to have faith in a Kansas City farmer much more than in a Manhattan farmer. However, this hint may be taken for what it is worth. The Kansas City idea is that all that is necessary to keep the potato bugs away is to plant one bean in the hill with the seed potato. It seems that the bugs hate beans.

Perhaps they do. Anyway, in our own experience we can testify that we have never seen potato bugs feeding on bean vines. It would be a logical assumption that they will not venture into the presence of beans. So far as we have observed there has not been a potato bug in our garden this season. Perhaps, that is because we did not plant any potatoes. But gardens develop or encourage all kinds of bugs besides potato bugs. That is one of the harassing experiences of about every amateur gardener. And if it is not bugs it is something else. Just as you get your garden growing well, along come a couple of calves or a herd of cows and eat off the tops of everything. The bovine tribe seems to have a peculiar fondness for young corn. Only a person with bitter experience can fully appreciate the significance of that old nursery appeal to Little Boy Blue to blow his horn on account of the cow's being in the corn.

Between the pests that bite the roots or masticate the leaves and those that eat or trample the plants it is mighty hard to raise growing things.—F. H. Young in Providence Journal.

SEE BEGINNING OF NEW ERA

People of Helgoland Will Welcome Return of Visitors to the Unfortunate Little Island.

The change which dug a huge fortress a hundred feet deep in the cliffs, covered them with gun emplacements and girded them with a labyrinth of walls fifty feet thick was a more than doubtful blessing, and Helgoland must have found her transformation into the most notorious and sinister speck of land in the world a severe strain on her zeal for the fatherland.

When the war actually came her fishermen were exiles; for they were one and all shipped off to the mainland and the island was given over to the gulls and the gunner. It is now thrown open again, and a beginning has been made with the dismantling of its mighty forts. The inhabitants will cheerfully see the last of the guns, and apparently they would like, too, to be quit of German taxation; but they hope quite reasonably, that the island's final disappearance may be at least delayed by leaving the great seawalls the Germans built.

This might well be done, for Helgoland so long as it lasts will be a lodestar for the curious, and there would be a certain rough justice in the fact of its people profiting in the future by the world's interest in its sinister past that has cost them so dear.

Religions of Presidents.

The religions of the presidents of the United States: Washington, Episcopalian; J. Adams, Unitarian; Jefferson, Liberal; Madison, Episcopalian; Monroe, Episcopalian; J. Q. Adams, Unitarian; Jackson, Presbyterian; Van Buren, Reformed Dutch; William Henry Harrison, Episcopalian; Tyler, Episcopalian; Polk, Presbyterian; Taylor, Episcopalian; Fillmore, Unitarian; Pierce, Episcopalian; Buchanan, Presbyterian; Lincoln, Presbyterian; Johnson, Methodist; Grant, Methodist; Hayes, Methodist; Garfield, Disciple; Arthur, Episcopalian; Cleveland, Presbyterian; Benjamin Harrison, Presbyterian; McKinley, Methodist; Roosevelt, Reformed Dutch; Taft, Unitarian; Wilson, Presbyterian.

Coolies Pass Through Canada.

When the big blue funnel liner Tyndateus clears from Seattle she will proceed to Vancouver, B. C., where, in addition to further cargo awaiting her at that port, she will take on board 4,000 Chinese coolies, who are being returned to their home country by the British and French governments, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Chinese are among several thousands of coolies utilized as laborers back of the lines during nearly the entire five years of the war and they are being returned to their homes through Canada, which will mean that they will have circled the globe when they embark at Hongkong, since they were taken to Europe through the Suez canal and the Mediterranean.

Church Gets Precious Relics.

The mainmast and spars of the Hartford, flagship of Admiral Farragut in the Civil war, will be erected on the grounds of a church in Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., if the plans of the congregation are approved at the New York navy yard. The church was founded years ago with the prize money won by Farragut in the capture of Confederate blockade runners. On learning that the old Hartford is to be condemned to the scrap heap, the members of the church have consequently been aroused to make every effort to secure this unusual and desirable souvenir.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

THIS CITY BUILT WHILE YOU WAIT

Fourth Largest Town in Alabama Full Grown in One Year.

HAD A MODEL GOVERNMENT

Permanent Settlement Around U. S. Nitrate Plant Presented Unusual Problems.

By GARRET SMITH.

The fourth largest city in Alabama, peopled with 25,000 souls of diverse races and religions, uprooted from far scattered communities in every part of the United States and Canada sprang into being almost overnight around the great new government ammonium nitrate plant down on the open cotton and corn fields at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River during the last year of the World War. Here was a problem in city building, municipal government and community welfare that has seldom been equalled and the success of its solution has never been excelled.

The job was in the hands of the Air Nitrates Corporation which had been organized under the direction of the Ordnance Department to build plant and city at Muscle Shoals. Early in January, 1918, this new town and a few temporary buildings and a population of 500. This had jumped by the middle of August to more than 21,000. A population multiplied by 70 in 7 months.

In the management of the new towns and army cantonments that sprang up during the war the old-time evils that attended the growth of mushroom cities have been avoided by the application of modern welfare systems. But nowhere were conditions more difficult than at Muscle Shoals. Here was a malarial region threatened at the same time with other deadly disease epidemics. Transportation was lacking. No nearby labor was available and the general labor shortage was at its most acute stage. Costs of labor and supplies were leaping over night. Furthermore, Muscle Shoals differed from all the other new war towns inasmuch as it was to be permanent.

New Government Devised.

The managers, besides city government, had to handle the entire retail business of the town. A camp supervisor's department was put in charge of the maintenance of all buildings, fire protection and sanitation. The camp supervisor looked after everything from the mending of a lock to the remodeling of groups of buildings or laying sewers or steam mains. For the bachelor contingent a commissary department was necessary.

The business department managed the stores, canteens, motion picture theaters, pool parlors, tailor shops, dry cleaning establishments, barber shops, newsstands, a hotel, a vegetable farm and a hog farm where 1,000 hogs were raised on the wastes from eating places. It maintained a slaughter house where these hogs were put through the regular packing house course. It operated a laundry which cleaned 7,493 pieces a day. Then there was a real estate department that rented and managed the family quarters and a housing department which assigned to quarters everybody excepting the families.

Under separate jurisdiction from its community director were the police.

The health department, in charge of a physician from New York city, started with a small office in one of the temporary buildings, and was soon full grown and splendidly equipped. Conditions were favorable to disease. The winter was the severest on record in northern Alabama. The men were compelled to work either in deep snow or mud above their knees. As a result a pneumonia epidemic developed among the Negroes that spring. Later in the year a typhoid epidemic was threatened. Moreover, the site of the plant was in the heart of the malarial district. But the pneumonia epidemic was checked, the typhoid threat nipped in the bud, and malaria stamped out.

A Health Record Established.

The little first-aid hospital presently grew to a complete modern institution with a nurses' home and a separate dispensary for dental, eye, ear, nose, throat, genito-urinary clinics and a surgical dispensary for first-aid work.

During the eight months when the death rate was not affected by the influenza and pneumonia epidemics the general health rate was 12.4 per thousand per year, which is lower than in most cities in the same latitude and climate, and the pneumonia death rate during the epidemic was lower than in most army cantonments.

Much of the success of the health administration is due to the establishment of the Muscle Shoals sanitary district by the United States Public Health Service.

The education and welfare department also had a vital work to perform. There was a school population of over 1,000. The Secretary of War created the community organization branch of the Ordnance Department which, with advice and aid of some of the greatest school men of the country, prescribed the courses of study and recruited teachers from the best established systems.